

course of murder that Captain O'Brien in fierce determination set all the machinery of the Police Department at work to find amid all the turmoil of New York this one guilty man.

Mrs. Barnett had a fearfully clear remembrance of the face and form of the man who had tried to take her life. She had scanned him closely, and in her awful struggle with him for her life the features of him had been fairly burned into her memory. She told the police she could single him out from among a million, and upon the frail hope of her setting eyes on

in some public place all the police energies were set at work. The woman was put into the hands of Detectives Stransky, Kelly, Reldy and McCarthy, and ever since the day which followed her narrow escape from death, she had gone up and down the streets of New York watching ever to right and to left for the grim, swarthy face of her assailant, and looking to see the great, protruding blue eyes which had horrified her, staring out from the midst of the passing throng.

She has haunted East Side and West Side, concert saloons, steamboats, parks, theatres—every place where men with naught to take their time save crime are wont to go. Always at her heels has gone some agent of the police, clad in the garb of a private citizen, but always watching her, standing near at hand, and ready at the slightest sign or motion from her to grapple with the man who some day, she felt sure, she would find among the thousands into whose faces she peered, day after day.

**The Black-Bearded Man.** Sometimes, too, her sister went with her. She, too, had seen the stranger once, and she knew likewise the black-bearded fellow who had introduced the stranger to her and her sister, months ago. Once, in their wanderings over the East Side, the women saw the black-bearded man, but he saw them, too, and in an instant had vanished. Hoping against hope, they went out upon their quest, day after day. At last, in Central Park, Mrs. Barnett saw the dark face with its terrible, haunting, blue eyes—eyes which in themselves told of cruelty. She knew the great strong hands, the long heavy thumb, with its massive, knotted joints. She knew the broad shoulders, the deep, square chest. The whole burly figure was familiar, and, pointing her finger at him, she screamed, "That is the man!"

In an instant Policeman Donnelly, whose business it was to be at Mrs. Barnett's elbow, had sprung upon the man. He was taken to the East Sixty-seventh Street Police Station, protesting all the time that he had done nothing.

When asked what his name was, he said Jacob Tait. Then he changed it to Teltek. Who he was, what his business, he would not say. And in his cell he sat and swore he knew nothing of the woman nor of the attempt to murder her.

But it was small matter to the police how long he kept his stubborn silence. The net was woven about him. The detectives were convinced when they looked on him that they had the man who had done all the other crimes, and set about proving it.

Although in his stealthy, silent flight from the houses where his hideous work was done, he had left no trace of his identity behind him, there were living eyes which had seen, living minds which remembered the swarthy—always swarthy and strongly built—man who had been seen in the company of the women just before they had gone for.

The police had questioned all the people who lived near the scenes of former crimes. Descriptions had been taken of the man who had been seen with Annie Bock, and every item which might aid in identification of Mrs. Barnett's assailant when he should be found had been studiously recorded.

So, while he kept his stolid silence, the net was being swiftly and strongly woven about the strong, swart-skinned prisoner.

**Sure of Her Man.** His protestations of innocence had no weight with Mrs. Barnett. Again and again, in spite of his denials, she repeated her awful sentence, "That is the man!" until she had convinced him, she thought, of the possibility of doubt. She said she could not forget, and could not be mistaken.

That being clear, the police made haste to bring the surly prisoner to the view of the people who, long months ago, had seen Annie Bock going away to her rooms with "the dark man" on the night before she was murdered.

And yesterday the denouement came. Captain O'Brien had often called the stranger up from his cell at Police Headquarters and questioned him about some point in his crime. There were generally other women present—women who looked at him long and steadfastly, and nodded and said, "That is the man!"

Under all this the prisoner grew uneasy. Still he persisted in his stolid denial that he had ever seen Mrs. Barnett or heard of her. Yesterday he weakened and sent word to Captain O'Brien that he had something to say. He confessed—not to the effort to strangle her, but to the robbery. All he would say was that he had gone with Mrs. Barnett to her rooms, that they had quarreled, and he had been afraid to leave her alone. After that, he said, he had been afraid to go near the police.

But is your name Tait, or is it Teltek? Or is it Jacob Bock?

"My true name," he said, after a pause, "is Jacob Tait."

The Captain ordered him back to his cell. Tait tried to ask questions, but got no answers. He was beginning to show signs of being understood why it was that he had been called up to undergo the various inspection of so many women who were waiting to see the man who had murdered Annie Bock.

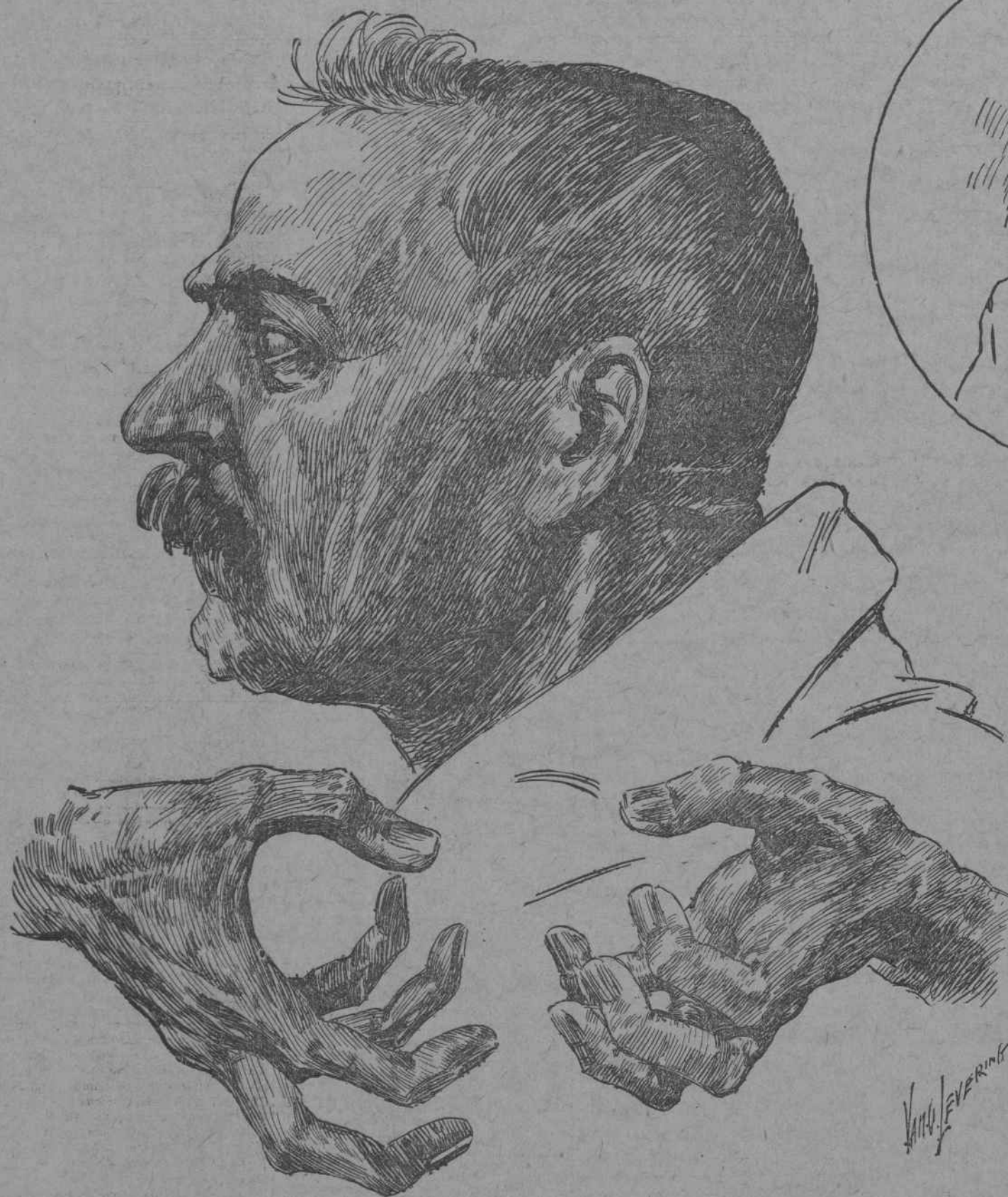
He wanted to know who those women were, what they were there for, and why he should stare at him so long and earnestly.

He got no satisfaction. The fact was that the woman who had studied him so closely were the witnesses in the Annie Bock murder case. Of the last hours on earth of that wretched woman more was known than of the others in the list of those whose awful deaths had baffled the police.

There were women who say Annie Bock the night before that crime was committed starting away homeward with a man, and they said, as Mrs. Barnett had said concerning the attempt to murder her, that this was the man.

The two chief witnesses to the movements of Annie Bock the night before she met her death were Evelyn Russell and Jennie Freeman, known as "Crazy Jennie." Late on the night of August 3 these women had seen Annie Bock standing in front of Tammany Hall with two men. One of them had a black beard—the man had who introduced Tait to Mrs. Barnett and her sister. They both looked the women said, like Spaniards. After standing awhile they went away to the corner of Third Avenue. There the bearded man left them.

Annie Bock and the other man boarded a Third Avenue car and started off up town. One of the men's hands then entered the car and the woman's hand was found dead, with her throat cut. The bearded man was seen for the first time, but they heard nothing of him. The woman's body was found on the street, and she was dead. The man was seen again, but they heard nothing of him. The woman's body was found on the street, and she was dead. The man was seen again, but they heard nothing of him.



JACOB TOLKER, THE SUPPOSED STRANGLER; HIS INTENDED VICTIM, HIS CAPTOR AND HIS MUSCULAR HANDS.

that, she said his name was not Tait, nor Teltek, nor Tolker, but Tait-Jacob Tolker. For over a year, she said, she had known him. She knew him when he went away with Annie Bock. She knew him now.

Tolker at first denied all knowledge of Jennie Freeman, but afterward, in his confession, made yesterday, to Captain O'Brien, owned the truth. Mrs. Barnett, he said, he had known for over a year; he had gone home with her, but he clung resolutely to his declaration that he had not choked nor robbed her.

There are other witnesses who will be brought to look at Tolker—Annie Bock's servant, who saw her mistress with a strange man, and who is now in Boston; also Annie's husband, who has left the city. There are persons who say they saw two men enter the house with Annie at different times on the night of the tragedy. One of these, a dark man, was, it is believed, Tolker.

The prisoner is a powerfully built man. He is about five feet ten inches in height, and weighs about 200 pounds. He has a heavy mustache of a dark ashen hue, and hair about the same color. He speaks English with a German accent, and wears a suit of dark blue serge and a light English overcoat.

But it is his awful eyes which make the man remembered—strange, bulging eyes of blue, which are in strange contrast with his dark skin, and which shift about restlessly, fearfully, whether he is in conversation or not. He says he is twenty-eight years old, but looks to be thirty-five.

**Tolker's Confession.** "I came to the United States from Germany seven years ago, and am of Hebrew birth," he said in his written confession to Captain O'Brien. "For three years I wandered about the country as a pedler, but for the last four years have been a permanent resident of New York, though I must decline to give my address."

When arrested Tolker said that he had only arrived in the city the day before, from Philadelphia, and that he had slept at a hotel in the Bowery, paying \$2 for his bed. All that he said to the Chief of Detectives regarding his previous life was that he was a vegetable dealer and unmarried. An effort is now being made to write from him his address, so as to try and locate him on the night of August 3 last, when Annie Bock was murdered.

"During the past year or so I occasionally visited the Bowery," continues the confession, "and consorted with women of ill repute. I also went on Third Avenue in the neighborhood of Fourteenth Street, and had often been spoken to by these women, and sometimes went to their apartments with them."

I met Pauline Barnett in Third Avenue one evening about two months before I had trouble with her in her rooms. I went with her, at her invitation, to her apartment, at No. 11 St. Mark's place, and called on her several times after that. Finally I called on my visits. I met her several times after that, but always ignored her invitations to call. On the evening of February 17 last I again met her in Third Avenue, between Ninth and Eleventh Streets, and after a little conversation I finally agreed to go with her.

"While in her apartments we had some trouble over money matters. She took my money from me and would not return it. I tried to open her hand in which she held the money, and she slapped me twice in the face. She was shouting in a loud voice. I then grabbed her by the throat and threw her back on the bed and held her there until she relaxed her hold on me. When I let go of her she threw the money across the room, but I was very much excited at this time and did not think to pick it up as I left the room. I did not steal her diamonds or her money."

Tolker said that he read in the papers a few days later that Mrs. Barnett had been found unconscious in her room and that she had been robbed. He did not tell any one about the incident, because he feared arrest and imprisonment.

Half an hour after midnight the woman again returned to the house, this time accompanied by a man described as of medium height and weight, swarthy in complexion, with a dark mustache and wearing a light suit and straw hat. No one saw this man leave the house, and when, the following morning, the woman was found murdered, the police decided that he was the murderer. But they never caught him. Four men in succession were arrested, but all were released.

Annie Bock's murder was most brutal. Her throat was cut, and the work was done so effectively that she must have died in a few moments. There were four cuts on the neck and throat, but that which proved fatal extended from the bottom of the left ear to the tip of the chin, severing an artery. Not an article of furniture was overturned.

**MRS. ANNIE MEYERS.**—Mrs. Annie Meyers was found strangled to death on a bed in her flat, at No. 202 East Twenty-ninth Street, on the night of September 2 last. It was her husband who gave the alarm to the police. He claimed that he had been out during the evening, and that when he returned home just after midnight his wife was dead.

The bed on which the woman was lying showed signs of a hard struggle. The murderer had apparently cut the dress skirt from his victim and then torn off the collar of her linen shirt waist and finally the left shoulder of the latter garment. One of the woman's long, black stockings was twice knotted around her throat. The other lay at her feet, near the head of the bed.

There were raw and contused marks on the left side of the throat where the strangler had pressed his fingers. There were two bruises on the face, which showed that he had struck her there with his fist. There were also three wounds along the angle of the left jaw which looked like bruises made by fingers.

Meyers told the police that the flat had been looted of all articles of value. An investigation, however, led to the discovery that jewelry which Meyers claimed had been stolen had been pawned by Meyers himself. Upon this evidence and the fact that he failed to account for his whereabouts on the night and morning of the murder, he was arrested. A Coroner's Jury found that Mrs. Meyers was killed by

"some person unknown," but Meyers was first, and on April 30 was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. He continues to protest his innocence.

**MRS. PAULINE BARNETT.**—Mrs. Pauline Barnett, who lived in a flat at No. 11 St. Mark's place, was found unconscious on the floor of one of her rooms, about 11 o'clock on the night of November 10 last. Her husband and sister had been to the theatre and she was in the flat alone. A neighbor across the hall heard sounds of scuffling, followed by the voice of a man saying, "Shut up." She also heard a dog barking. Then there was a long silence, and she crossed the hall and rapped at the door. Receiving no answer, she opened the door and went in.

With pillows and bedclothing piled upon her, Mrs. Barnett lay unconscious on the floor. The neighbor called the housekeeper and together they tried to rouse Mrs. Barnett. It was noticed by the housekeeper that Mrs. Barnett's diamond earrings and her diamond ring were missing. She noticed this particularly, she stated at the time, because it was Mrs. Barnett's custom to wear her jewelry every evening.

Mrs. Barnett's throat was bruised, as if she had been choked. Blood trickled down her cheeks from a wound on her forehead and matted her hair.

Two men were arrested for the assault, but, as there was no evidence to hold them, they were discharged. Two days ago Mrs. Barnett caused the arrest of Jacob Tait in Central Park, charging him with the assault and robbery.

**MRS. FLOESSIE MURPHY.**—Mrs. Flossie Murphy, better known as "Diamond Flossie," was found strangled in her room at No. 228 West Twenty-fourth Street early on the morning of April 22. First to give the warning to the police was the woman's husband, who ran from the house about two hours after midnight screaming that he had just discovered the murder.

The woman's body, lightly clad, lay on the floor of the room with a rope knotted tightly around her neck and made fast to the bedpost. She had always had plenty of money and had a large number of valuable diamonds. These she wore conspicuously, and she was famed throughout the neighborhood for the beauty of her gems.

Her room had been looted, every valuable scrap of jewelry having been taken. Bureau drawers had been opened and clothing and other articles were scattered about.

The murderer must have carried off more than \$1,000 worth of jewels. The murder had been accomplished noiselessly, for the other tenants of the house had not been alarmed by any sound of a struggle. Across the hall lived a man who suffered from nervousness, and who was a light sleeper. He heard nothing, although any call for help would have been easily heard through the thin partitions.

The husband was arrested, but the police could get no evidence against him, and all that could do was to release him after he had been held as a witness at the inquest. In vain the police sought for clues to the stranger. They may be searching yet, but there is a full conviction that the murderer was the same man who killed Annie Bock.

**MRS. ANTOINETTE BACH.**—It was about noon on April 22, that the stranger nearly accomplished the murder of Mrs. Antoinette Bach, who lived with her husband Albert, in a flat at No. 159 East One Hundred and Twenty-second Street. His work was done with consummate audacity for the Bachs flat is on the first floor front of the building, and the husband had gone out only a short time before.

Mrs. Bach, who lives across the hall, was startled by hearing screams in the hall. It took her to go through the door into the hall, and cross the hall the stranger escaped. She found Mrs. Bach lying unconscious on the floor of her bedroom. Blood was streaming from wounds in her head, and on her throat and neck were the deep marks of the long strong fingers which had held her in a death throgle until the sound of approaching footsteps made her assailant lose his hold.

Mrs. Bach ran for assistance, and met Mr. Bach entering the house. He found the rugs in the hallway drenched with blood and discovered that his wife's murderer assailant had taken a dollar or two from a pocketbook which was lying on a dresser. Another pocketbook containing \$30 and jewelry worth \$200 was overlooked.

A physician had great difficulty in restoring Mrs. Bach to consciousness, and then the only description she could give of her assailant was that he was a "tall man with a dark mustache."

The strangling has caused a partial paralysis of the muscles of Mrs. Bach's right arm, and for the coming of her neighbor she would in all likelihood have been choked to death.

**THESE MEN USED ETHER.** But the Woman, Fannie Vogel, Whom They Assaulted, Was Saved by Her Screams.

The police net held other "strangers" besides Tolker yesterday. There were arraigned in Essex Market Court and held in \$1,500 bail, James Fitzsimmons and Henry Weiss, who were charged with the assault with assault and robbery and the presence of a peculiarly knotted rope in the room where they lived.

The police believe that they might have had a hand in the murderous attacks which have within the past few months been made upon disorderly women.

The complainant against Weiss and Fitzsimmons was Fannie Vogel, who lives in a room at No. 62 Allen Street. The two men visited her house late on Wednesday night, and before they had been there long, Weiss, pulling a half pint flask of ether from his pocket, saturated a handkerchief and endeavored to press it over her nose. The woman screamed, and to stop her noise both the men grappled with her.

Abraham Goldberg, who lives near by, heard the noise, and started to go into the house just as Weiss and Fitzsimmons ran out. Fitzsimmons escaped. Weiss was captured by Detective Monahan. He said he and his companion were stopping at the Dakota lodging house, No. 73 Bowery. In Weiss's pocket was found the bottle of ether. Fitzsimmons was found in bed at the Dakota. His clothing was wet and his shoes muddy. In his haste he had taken Weiss's coat. In the pockets were letters and papers, showing that Weiss had worked for the Syrup of Figs Company.

The police found that the two men were a knotted rope, about four feet in length. She said it did not belong there, and she had never seen it before.



OFFICER DONNELLY WHO MADE THE ARREST

PAULINE BARNETT

## MAN OF PEACE LOSES HIS LIFE.

Brave Jim Glacken Killed in Trying to Prevent a Quarrel.

FELLED TO THE PAVEMENT.

Succeeded in Preventing Bloodshed Before, but This Time He Failed.

HIS ASSAILANT IS AT LARGE.

One Cooney Is Supposed to Have Dealt the Blow and Kick That Made Mrs. Glacken a Widow.

Brave Jim Glacken—Jim Glacken, the peace-maker—is dead. He lost his life yesterday afternoon in an attempt to prevent a fight. He had stopped many a fight before, but this time he failed.

Glacken lived at No. 1008 Second Avenue. He was married and the father of several children, four of whom are still living. The oldest is only nine. He was a laborer, forty-two years old.

With Hugh Strain, of No. 300 East Forty-fourth Street, he walked up to the uncompleted building adjoining the Lawyers' Club, at No. 42 West Forty-fourth Street. It was about the time that the men that worked on the building were going home. Two men, named Cooney and Gallagher were a work on the structure.

Strain was formerly foreman over Cooney, Glacken and Strain were looking for employment on the building. The contractor in charge, named Cody, and most of the men under him are Pennsylvanians. Cooney had a grievance against Strain; in fact, it was an old grudge. They had words and Cooney assaulted Strain. Glacken intervened, and it is said that Cooney turned upon him, struck him in the face, and Glacken fell to the pavement.

At any rate, leaving the prostrate form of the man on the walk, Cooney fled. Strain also ran down the street, closely followed by Gallagher. After running fifty yards Gallagher overtook Strain and they had a rough and tumble fight. The episode attracted a large crowd, and in the confusion which followed the men disappeared, and had not been found by the police up to a late hour last night.

Cooney is forty-five years old, five feet nine inches in height, weighs about two hundred pounds, has sandy hair, and his face is smooth. Gallagher is forty-four, five feet eight inches in height and his complexion is fair. Strain was arrested, and held as a witness to the assault, but last night he said he was unable to give any particulars. He was locked up in the East Fifty-first Street Police Station.

Policeman Glenn found Glacken on the sidewalk. He was unconscious, but was breathing and bleeding from a wound in his skull. An ambulance from the Flower Hospital was called. Dr. Stocker was in charge. It required only a glance for him to determine that the blow to Jim Glacken was dead; so his body was taken to the police station, and from there was removed to his home, a poorly furnished flat, where his wife, alone and helpless from rheumatism, received the first news of her husband's death.

Mrs. Ellen Foster, who lives at No. 69 West Forty-fourth Street, says she saw the fatal assault. She also declares that the man who is described as Cooney struck Glacken in the face with a brick, and that he was falling back him. Her daughter Lily was also looking out of the window, and she gives similar testimony.

## CYCLISTS HAVE RIGHTS.

Justice Steers Fines a Driver Who Had Liberally Run Down a Woman. Civil Suit Threatened.

Justice Steers in the Flatbush Police Court, Brooklyn, yesterday declared that bicycle riders have some rights, and then imposed a fine of \$10 upon Paul Scher, of No. 41 Locust Street, for deliberately running down Mrs. Florence Shears, wife of David G. Shears, of No. 155 Nevins Street.

The testimony showed that Mrs. Shears and her husband were riding bicycles on Flatbush Avenue, near East Broadway, when Scher, who was in a wagon, with an oath about bicycles he turned his horse upon Mrs. Shears. She was thrown from the wheel and badly injured. Her husband saved his wife from being crushed beneath it. The wheel was smashed.

A physician had great difficulty in restoring Mrs. Shears to consciousness, and then the only description she could give of her assailant was that he was a "tall man with a dark mustache."

The strangling has caused a partial paralysis of the muscles of Mrs. Bach's right arm, and for the coming of her neighbor she would in all likelihood have been choked to death.

## DEFEAT FOR MRS. ACKLAND.

Delaware Legislature Kills the Cleveland Millionaire's Daughter's Bill for a Divorce.

Dover, Del., May 13.—The divorce bill of Laura Crocker Ackland, daughter of ex-Judge T. D. Crocker, of Cleveland, Ohio, is dead. It passed the Senate without opposition on Tuesday, but met its fate in the House of Representatives this morning. The House killed it by a unanimous vote.

The action of the House was a surprise, as the impression had prevailed that Mrs. Ackland would get a divorce because of her silent attitude with respect to the reported charges of attempted extortion of \$4,000 for the passage of her bill and with respect to the investigation of alleged scandal in connection with the divorce business of the Legislature.

News of the defeat of her bill greatly shocked Mrs. Ackland, and she is now seriously ill. Her mother, Mrs. Crocker, is ill from shock. It is expected that Mrs. Crocker will make a statement tomorrow concerning the reported attempt to secure money for the passage of her daughter's bill.

## Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retards the digested food too long in the bowels, and produces biliousness, torpid

**Hood's Pills**

liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure Constipation and all its results, and are sold by all druggists. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Buy only Pills, take with Hood's